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JANUARY, 1895.

THE ART JOURNAL

NEW
SERIES

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'THE GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES.'

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, BART., P.R.A.

'LE CHEMIN DE LA CROIX.'

FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN BÉRAUD.

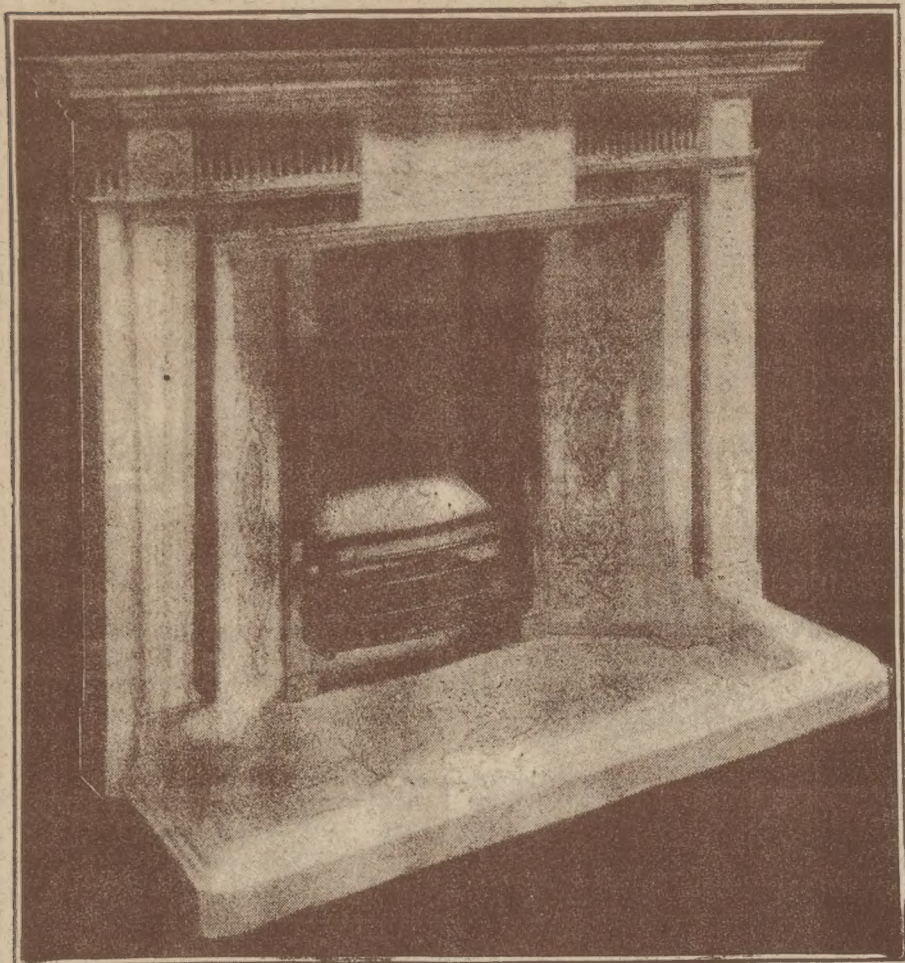
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MARCH, 1895.

THE ART JOURNAL

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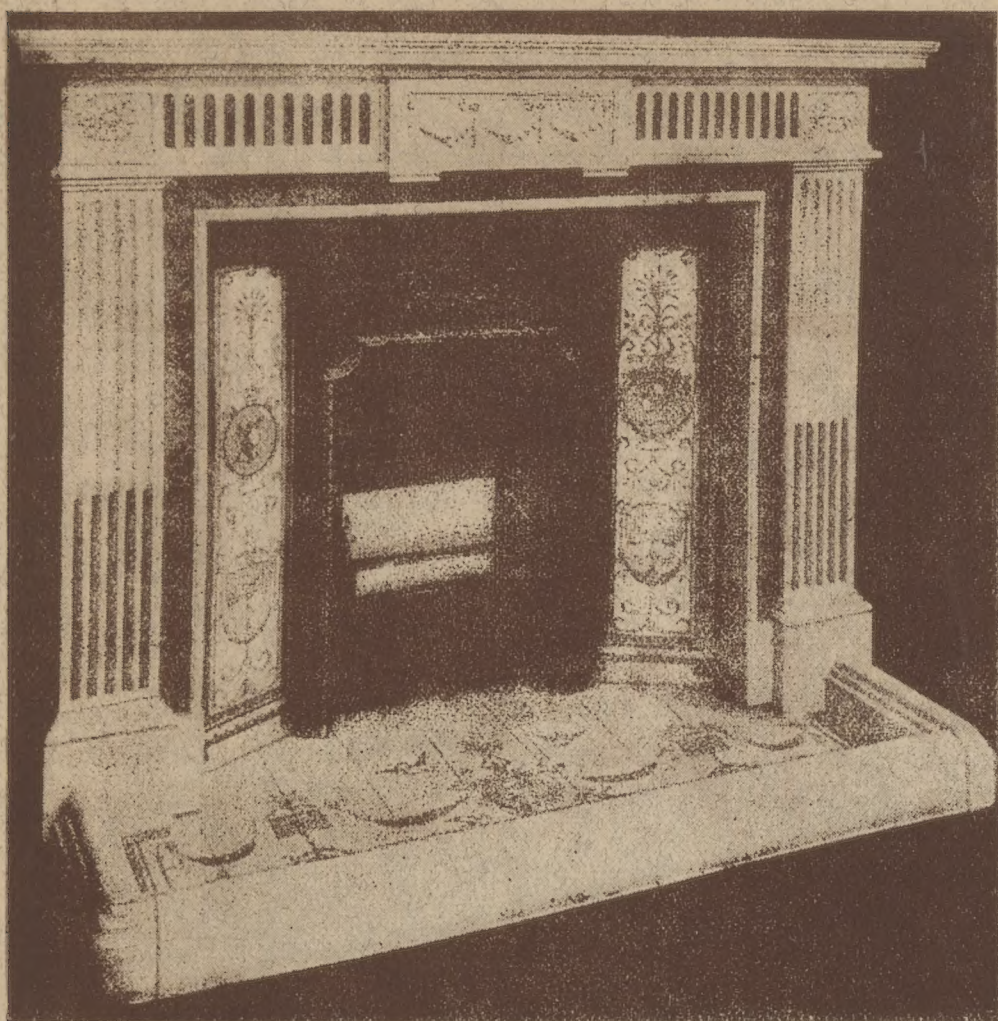
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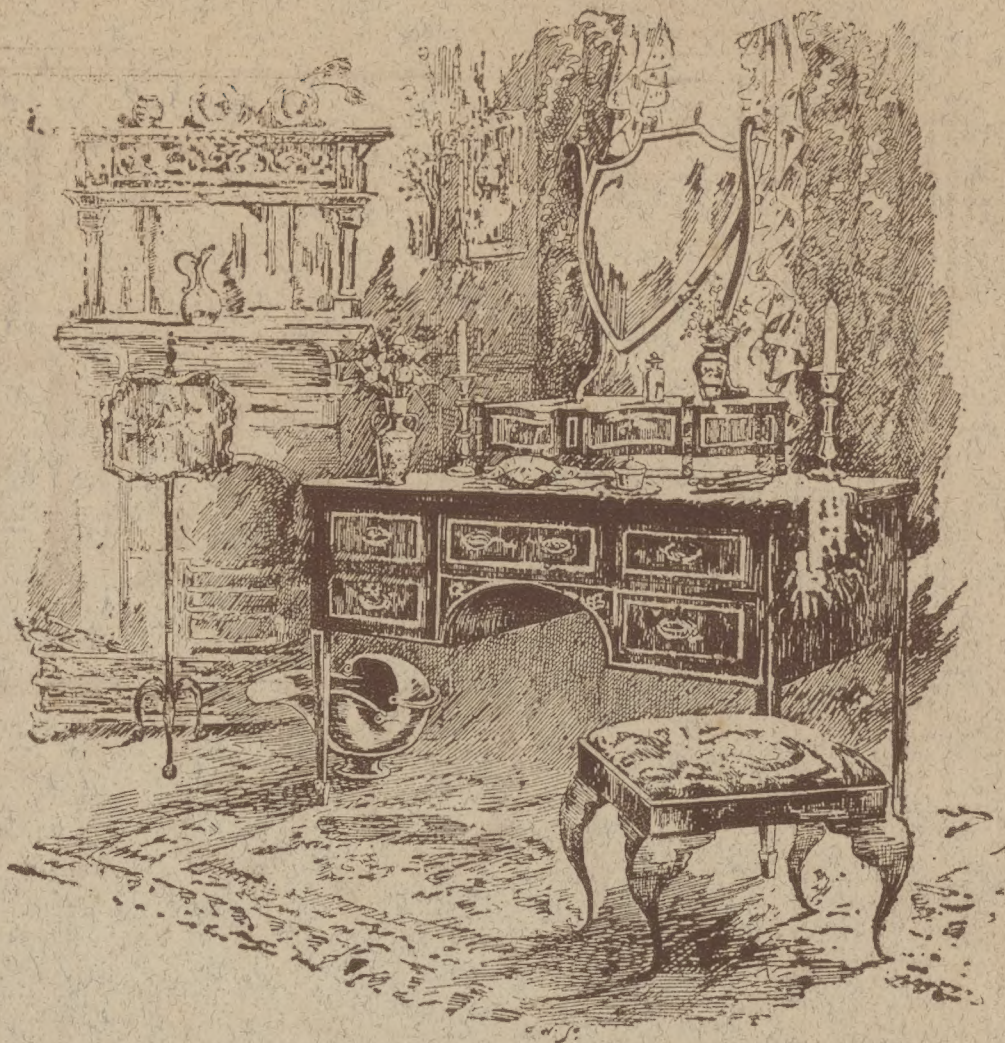
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THE HOUSE OF A JAPONIST COLLECTOR.

I.

THE house of a collector has always something which speaks of an individuality, especially when the curios have been gathered, not from metropolitan markets, but each in the locality of its production. Every object has its own little history, and tells something of the place of its birth, and recalls some trait of the scene and time of its acquisition, and very often of the quaint personality of its vendor. To me, as I sit, whilst carrying on my literary work—dictating to a stenographer, and surrounded in my study by objects gathered in the far East, and during peregrinations through the cities of Kioto, or in the ancient districts of Shidzuo-ka, or among the groves on the hill-sides of Nikko, or in the temple-annexes of Nara—I seem to be almost always living a double life. The one brain-sphere is dealing with social questions of

to-day, discussing “barrack pauper schools,” provincial work-house infirmaries, the massage scandal, the anti-vaccination craze; or one or other of the battles and crusades, in which it has seemed to be the unavoidable fate of my life to be largely and almost continually and inevitably engaged. With the other half of my brain I am for ever recalling notes and impressions, listening to half-spoken words, and renewing unexpressed reminiscences of old Japan from the objects around me, the twofold activity giving variety and preventing fatigue.

When, therefore, I was asked to contribute to these pages something of my impressions and experiences of Japanese Art, in the form rather of a more or less instructive, and yet personal and conversational character, concerning my little world of Japanese treasures, I accepted the congenial task as

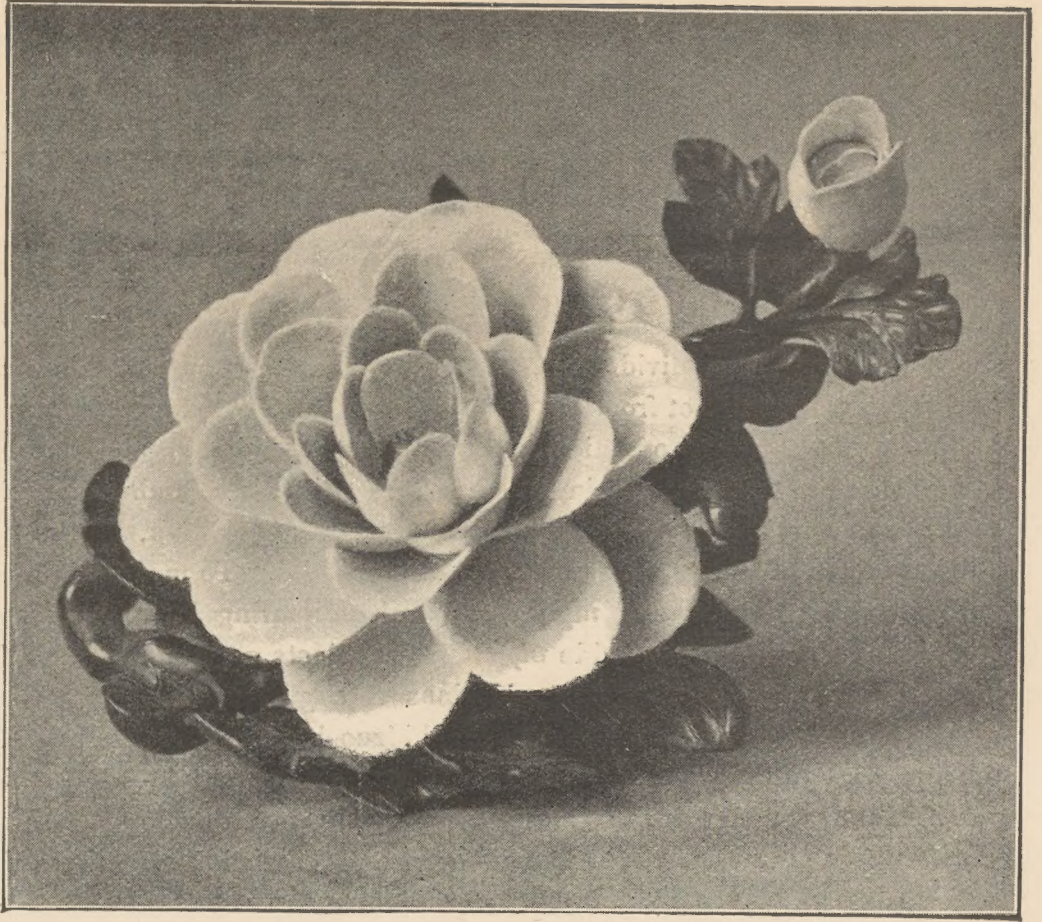


THE STUDY OF THE JAPONIST COLLECTOR.

a recreation, a sort of walk round a garden of Art-flowers—the repetition of the pleasant messages which I get from them daily as I pass from room to room, or sit in my study at my daily work, where in the cases repose types of all the products of the ancient daimio kilns, and my eye lights on the shelf decked with specimens of the artist potters of old Japan. For in the olden time commerce was not a factor in Japanese life, and every industrial product and object of use was tinctured with the spirit and moulded by the system of feudalism. Each provincial lord enjoyed, among other amusements and whims, that of employing potters, whom he sheltered in his park or the garden grounds of his Yashiki—potters who produced wares of utility or of fancy, each following for centuries a local tradition; “garden-wares” which never came into the market, on which no price was set, and which are many of them now priceless in a twofold sense. Such pottery was presented by the daimio as gifts to his friends and adherents, to his feudal upper lords, and sometimes to the Shoguns.

One and one only of these daimio potteries has survived the wreck of feudalism and that birth of commercial competition which dates from only about thirty years back. That one is a little kiln in the great garden enclosure of Count Matsura, once the Daimio of Hirado. He still retains his ancient home in Yedo, with its grand old garden in the very centre of Tokio. This had been there before the name Tokio had been given to Yedo, which was, two hundred years ago, already a great city. It was then a metropolis newly chosen by the Tokugawa dynasty as their seat of power. Hither each provincial daimio (feudal lord) was bound to resort for a given number of months in each year. He was there under the eyes and the orders of the governing Shogun.

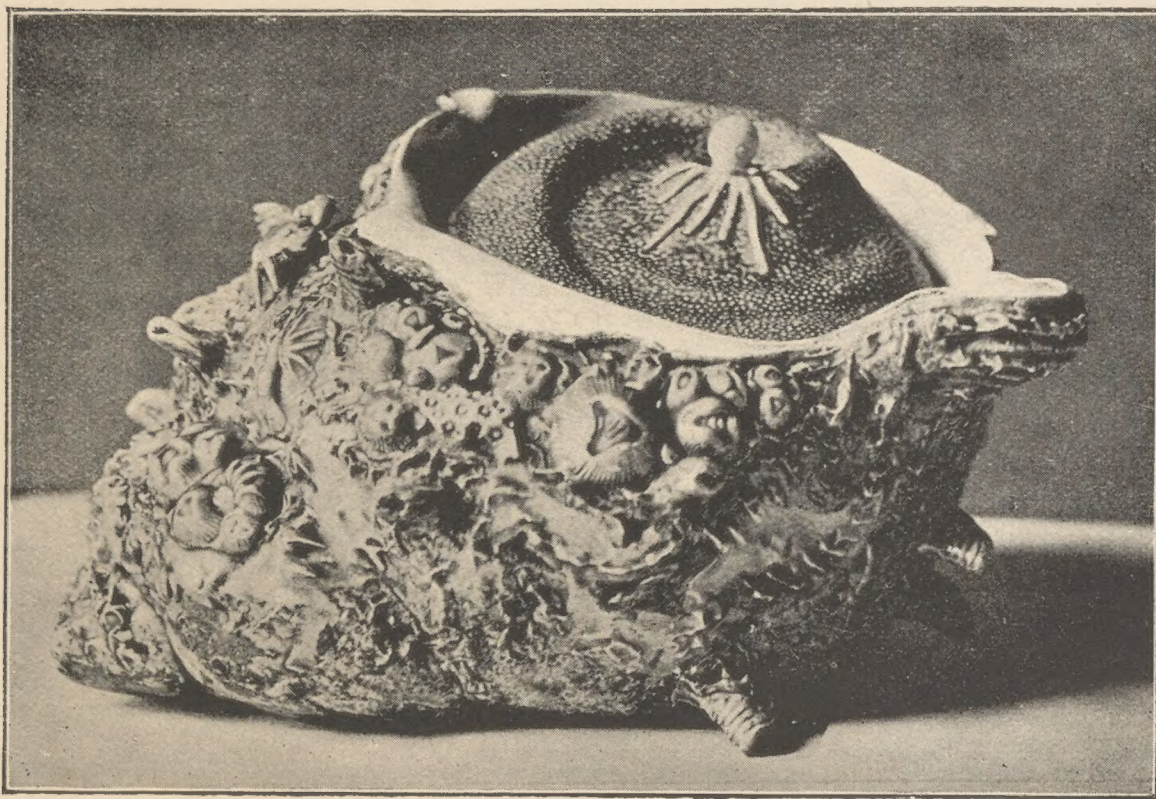
Here still lives the old daimio of Hirado in something of feudal state in patriarchal domesticity. Accompanied by Mr.



WHITE FLOWER AND BUD IN OLD HIRADO PORCELAIN.

Inigaki, my wife and I had the pleasure of taking part, in his home, in one of the ancient “tea ceremonies” of which we still hear so much. But these are only the dying remains of the gracious customs belonging to the leisurely and cultivated bygone ages. This daimio stands between the past and present. His home is a large picturesque pine-wood construction, with all its rooms connected, *simplex munditus*. The household is attired in the costumes of the early part of this century, with snowy matted flooring, sliding walls, and partitions of paper and screens painted by the artists of an elder day. The house is almost devoid of ornament, except here and there a low table in lacquer, and writing-boxes, and *hibachis* for warming, or a flower-vase in bronze, of priceless value, because it is from the cunning hands of Seimin or Toun, or some yet earlier artist. From the wall of the dais and recess (*tokonoma*) are suspended a set of three hanging pictures (*kakemonos*), changed from day to day, or week to week, according to the season or the festival, or the domestic incident to be illustrated.

It was in a separate annexed building especially devoted to the purpose that this famous master of the tea ceremony (*Chanoyu*) gave us our lesson in the solemn etiquette of that ceremonial. Hardly anything was omitted, either of solemn self-concentration or ceremonial salutation; the lighting of the fire, the handling of the implements, the raising of the bowl to the forehead, its reception and return on the open palm (not with closed hand), the examination and respectful admiration of the historic tea-bowl (*cha-tsubo*), the



HIRADO SWEETMEAT BOWL. Type copied at Plymouth.

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wiping with silk, the ceremonial cleansing, were all performed in turn for each individual. Meantime the young Countess (whose husband was away in England, at Cambridge) entered from a sliding panel, and with respectful obeisance on her knees saluted her husband's father and the guests, and joined the circle.

Afterwards we passed out into the garden, and he took us to his potters, who were then working to make presents for the then Tzarewitch, whose visit to Tokio was anticipated. That visit never came off. It was cut short by the attack made upon the Russian Prince at Odsu by an old Samurai, who resented the presence on Japanese soil of the representative of the hated Russian house which had deprived Japan of its possessions at Saghalien, and whose forced reception was regarded by the people as a humiliation for their Mikado.

On the shelf facing me in my library is a small swan (illustrated above), then and there modelled and baked in purest white clay with spotless milky glaze, the only modern representative of the exquisite old wares of Hirado, and which was sent home to me after a few days with the inscription on the box as follows:—"Presented to Mr. Ernest Hart by Count Matsura. Made in his garden, April, 1891."

The Hirado ware of modern times is much more pretentious, and to suit the market it is often potted with extraordinary complexity and skill. On the same shelf stand two elaborately pierced and beautifully potted pagodas of the modern Hirado ware which I purchased at the Paris Exhibition, where they took the gold medal. I value them, however, far less than the little swan or the dozen pure white Saki cups with which the young Count subsequently presented me in England as a token of his father's and his own goodwill and kind remembrance.

The other specimens of old Hirado porcelain in the case have each their little story. The large shell-shaped receptacle for sweetmeats in brown and blue and white (illustrated opposite) is a specimen of another variety of old Hirado, which is interesting because it is the model and progenitor of much of our own old Plymouth and Bow wares. Their evolution by descent may easily be seen on examining the illustration. Characteristic models of the old kiln are the Chinese boys under a tree (*karako*). By a Japanese convention these pieces rise in value according to the number of the boys; my piece (here illustrated) has only one. There are a few (but I have never seen one in Europe) which have seven boys. More dainty are the little sprays of cherry blossom and bough, delicate alike in modelling, material, and colour, which were used as paper weights. Although themselves so slight, they were sufficient to keep in place the thin transparent sheets of tough, unsized paper on which the Japanese of old painted rather than wrote with brush and Chinese tube what we call their writings. For just as much of their painting was caligraphic, so their writing is pictorial; and when executed with a just sense of beauty of line and

1895.



SMALL HIRADO SWAN,
WITH JAPANESE INSCRIPTION BY
COUNT MATSURA.

variety of brush work, was valued as much as a picture. Into every one of the daily practices and needs of life Art entered; and long before we awoke to the idea of what is now known as Ruskinian doctrine, it was the traditional rule of Japanese Art "to decorate construction, rather than construct decoration." These dainty blossoming paper weights and the flower and bud of a peony, mounted on a carved wood stem, which lies beside them, have also their historic interest. These paper weights are the forerunners and the motherpieces from which Meissen learns its characteristic flower decoration. For all our European porcelain and most of our European pottery are but copies and offshoots of Chinese or Japanese originals. Our European porcelain factories are the children of yesterday, and derived their technique, their forms, and their colouring from the East, where these arts have been practised for centuries. I say, designedly, factories, for in Europe the rules of commerce so govern even what are called Art-products, that everywhere in such factories workmen are many and artists few; and those artists, sad to say, even at Sèvres, Chantilly, Dresden, in our own Minton and Worcester factories, are by no means chiefly occupied with form and delicately shaded colour, or with decoration such as specially fits the object, but are, and especially were, chiefly occupied in painting "pictures" upon teacups and "landscapes" upon saucers, and pictures and miniatures as for a wall decoration. This is an



CHINESE BOY. BROWN, BLUE, AND WHITE HIRADO WARE.



MOTHER AND CHILD.
STATUETTE IN FAIENCE OF THE SEVEN-
TEENTH CENTURY. PROBABLY BY
KENZAN.

outrage alike on fitness, taste, and purpose, of which the old Japanese could never be guilty. This fashion of treating a teacup as a portfolio drawing they adopted after they gave up, forsooth, copying the Japanese and began to try to do something out of their own heads and purely European.

Dresden and Chelsea imitated with deft felicity from the Japanese their decorative statuettes (*okimonos*); and often with skill in modelling and an eye for colour which will always give these dainty Dresden and Chelsea figures a deservedly high place among historic porcelains. But how little they have advanced beyond, if even they ever attained the level of the

models of old Japan, may be seen at a glance by an inspection of two of my favourite statuettes. They often speak to me of old Japan as they stand gracefully glancing at me during my morning's work. The one is a mother playing with her child, a faience of the middle of the seventeenth century and of the Kenzan style, probably by him. The other is carved out in porcelain clay at Imari; it has come out of the kiln without losing the delicate proportion, the shapely grace or perfection of any of its delicious curves and Kakiyemon diapers, showing the beauty of her many-coloured but richly-harmonized brocaded robes, and is an unsurpassed masterpiece. She is the famous Hetaira Ousugumé, the Aspasia of mediæval Japan, and the favourite of Kakiyemon; but I will not answer for the precise date of this piece, which was, however, sent to me by the greatest expert in Japan, as an authentic work of his. At any rate, it has the stamp of a master hand in every line of its culture, as in every diaper of its decoration.

But here I must stop to call to mind where, when, and how I first came across the leading pieces of my collection of Hirado ware. It was at Nagasaki, the first port which the steamer reaches on its way from the China seas to Japan, a charming city built in a bay about a mile long, and surrounded by hills of magnificent colouring.

Passing through the streets of Nagasaki with my wife and sister, we saw, for the first time, that dainty and unforgettable picture of a new life in a dainty costume, streets of dolls' houses in which everything is to the newcomer a charm and a delight. We had but two or three hours to spend, as we were bound for Kobe and Yokohama, through the Inland Sea, so that I, with my chosen guide, who will deserve a few words of grateful recollection hereafter, bowled off as fast, each in a jinricksha, as our tandem-teams of two men each could hurry us, to the house of a man who had been recommended to me as the best expert and dealer.

At Nagasaki one expects, from its geographical situation, to be able to pick up a few specimens of old Satsuma as well as of Hirado porcelain. As to the former we were wholly disappointed, although he had some specimens which he vaunted much. After dropping our shoes at the threshold and making many salutations in response to his prostrations, during the course of which he was careful to touch the floor once with his forehead, and after waving aside with European brusqueness the *hacotille* of the shops to which he first invited our attention, we climbed into an upper room, bare of all decoration, and on the matted floor of which cushions were placed for us, who were incapable of sitting on our heels. Then a file of little kneeling, bowing, and smiling boys were sent continuously running backward and forward, bringing from the go-down, mysterious boxes from which appeared porcelains wrapped in silk, lacquers in brocaded bags, and bronzes making a great show of age. I had, however, passed a long apprenticeship before in distinguishing really meritorious works and their modern imitations; most of the so-called Satsuma had neither the hard paste nor the ancient *fishroe* crackle, nor the ivory glaze of the ancient ware, and although ingeniously stained by much boiling in green tea, and sometimes purposely chipped and ostentatiously mended with gold lacquer, they were all dismissed, and finally our friend confessed with smiling serenity that they were the handiwork of a priest, Morita, living some forty miles off, who was a very good man for old Satsuma. Next came a selection of old Hirado, and from these I was able to select the shell-piece illustrated on page 8, the white



FIGURE OF OUSUGUMÉ, KAKIYEMON WARE OF IMARI.

flower, and the finely modelled monkey (page 11), of choicest white, pure in colour as driven snow, and free from the ugly green reflection due to the imperfections of greenish glaze in the Hirado of modern commerce.

Then came the question of price, which had not been broached, and as we sat, each with his own little tea-tray bearing a dainty equipage of tea-pot and water-

pot of purest white porcelain, with faint decoration of blue, sipping the amber-coloured, instantaneous infusion of the sun-dried tea leaves of Uji, and munching delicate little *Mochi*, we began our negotiations. Our friend, who was a good specimen, or rather a bad specimen, of the wily Japs of the out-ports, corrupted by much habit of commercial chaffering, but retaining his varnish and the old habits of Japanese courtesy, would name no price. "Hart san," whose lectures on Japanese art he possessed translated into his native tongue, and whose reputation had (alas!) come before him, and who honoured him with a visit, what he wished he must have, and at his own price. The value of these poor objects, unworthy as they were to be looked at, was altogether 400 yen, £48; but, perhaps, as he



OLD WHITE HIRADO WARE. FROM THE PRINCE'S PRIVATE FACTORY.

made no profit, I should desire to offer him a present, and this he should value far more than anything else. When I intimated that my valuation was not much more than half, he smiled, and said with many bows, "No doubt I knew best, and he in his ignorance had paid more than he should have done." Finally, I rose to leave, without having agreed to buy anything, after having given

him two hours' trouble. But the gentle courtesy of his race never left him, and our colloquy ended by his thanking me for inspecting his poor objects, and regretting that in value we differed so much. Half an hour afterwards I sent back my guide, and we settled on a transfer of the objects at a very little over the price I had set upon them.

Such are some of the trifling but pleasant reminiscences which my china cabinet in my study has always in store for me; but there are many of them, and every cabinet has its own little treasury of tales and morals of Art; some of which, perhaps, may not be unworthy to be set down in a subsequent paper.

ERNEST HART.

THE GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES.

NOTE ON THE COLLECTION OF MR. GEORGE McCULLOCH.

THE Garden of the Hesperides,' by Sir Frederic Leighton, is one of the principal pictures in the collection which has been in process of formation by Mr. George McCulloch within the past few years. With a liberality far beyond any other collector of this time, Mr. McCulloch has acquired from the principal painters of England examples of their finest work. Besides the fascinating 'Garden of the Hesperides,' the collection contains what may be termed the masterpiece of the President, 'The Daphnephoria,' together with some of the best works of Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. J. M. Swan, Mr. Luke Fildes, Mr. George Clausen, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. B. W. Leader, Mr. Blair Leighton, Miss Henrietta Rae, and many others. Mr. McCulloch has also a few of the better-known foreign figure painters of to-day, notably 'The Vio-

linist,' by M. Dagnan-Bouveret, and important examples of Bouguereau, Van Haanen, and Ribot.

A splendid gallery is now being built for these pictures in South Kensington, but as this large building cannot be ready until the end of the year, THE ART JOURNAL will call attention to the collection by publishing 'The Garden of the Hesperides' only, at present, reserving the entire series for illustration a little later.

'The Garden of the Hesperides' is published as a large engraving by Messrs. A. Tooth & Sons, who have kindly permitted the issue of the accompanying plate.

'THE GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES.'

The Hesperides are three or more maidens. The earth is their god-mother. They have lived from the beginning of time without marking its progress. They are wholly unoccupied, except that one plays on a lyre, and sings. The one

who should be shelling peas is asleep. The business of looking after the apples belongs to the snake. The words youth and age are unknown to them. As it was in the beginning, it is now, and shall be.

The Island of the Hesperides was vaguely supposed by the ancient to lie far away in the West. It will help to the understanding of what is before us to accept his conjecture as fact. At sunrise we enter the Garden. The blue is the blue of the sea. The voice is the voice of a maiden. The notes are those of a lyre.

The story of the Golden Apples, as Wm. Morris has told it, is of "a ship of Tyre that, against the will of the seamen, bore Hercules to an unknown land of the West that he might accomplish a task laid on him by the Fates." The land he describes is the land of the legend, and is, as nearly as may be, the island of which we have so sweet a glimpse in the picture.

The "strong man" of Morris's poem was followed by two others who alone of all the crew of the ship that was bound for Tyre, dared adventure the garden. They kept at a distance, however, so that he seemed to the maidens to be unaccompanied—

"About the tree, new risen now to meet
The shining presence of that mighty one,
Three damsels stood, naked from head to feet,
Save for the glory of their hair, where sun
And shadow flickered, while the wind did run
Through the grey leaves o'erhead and shook the grass
Where nigh their feet the wandering bee did pass."

It may be remarked that the figures are recumbent in the picture. It is possible that they started at the sound of a

step and arose. They would have looked as beautiful either way, but standing figures cannot be easily brought within the circumference of a circle. What is true of women is as true of serpents. The critic of the *Athenæum* remarked this, and wrote thus:—"The composition is simple as it is massive, and the lines of the limbs of the Hesperides, in their flowing completeness and elegance, harmonize with the folds of the snake's body in a manner which evinces at once the ease and the resources of the artist, who, with singular judgment, has framed his composition in a circle."

Of the succeeding incident—the slaying of the dragon—we must suppose the three maidens to have been passive spectators. The narrative here reaches its climax, but it would have been far from the painter's purpose to have brought it into the picture. A Hercules "panting with fury" would have seemed out of place. The subject is, in fact, one for the sculptor, and one which Sir Frederic himself—as witness 'The Athlete and Python'—has triumphantly dealt with.

I am tempted to quote again:

"Silent and motionless ever stood the three;
No change came o'er their faces, as his hand
Was stretched aloft unto the Sacred Tree;
Nor shrank they aught aback, though he did stand
So close that tresses of their bright hair, fanned
By the sweet garden breeze, lay light on him."

The poem is rich in pictures as perfect as this. But the artist must deal with one at a time. Perhaps on another occasion Sir Frederic may be inspired to attack the subject again. Let us rest content for the present with what we have.

ERNEST RADFORD.

WILLIAM HUNT.



THE BLESSING. BY WILLIAM HUNT.

WILLIAM HUNT, often scornfully called the painter of cowboys and birds' nests, was, nevertheless, a greater master of his material, namely, water-colours, than any artist who has painted in that medium. From the capabilities of water-colours he extracted a greater number of nature's truths than any other painter, Cox not excepted. Both these artists were perfect masters of technique, and they never what is termed "fumbled" or "fudged out" their themes; on the contrary, at every stage they expressed their impressions deliberately and surely, giving the utmost value the material could render. In other words they never produced what is called "feeling" by dulness and "dirt."

Hunt has sometimes been called the "prentice pillar" of the great group of English water-colourists; the fifth pillar of the five, in fact, who may be said to have formed our great school.

Strictly speaking, however, Hunt was not a landscape painter, like the other four, although even in this department of Art, as I shall presently prove, he was as beautiful and as original as any of them. His genius has been scorned and despised because, like Burns and Wilkie, he chose his subjects chiefly from peasants and people in humble life. Every subject, however, he elevated as they did. It is said he had no imagination because he painted *direct* from nature, and could not, therefore, idealise a paid studio model into a Madonna, or a goddess, a seraph, or a Saviour. Hunt's works were at least real; as real as Raeburn's great portrait of Scott, which expressed the soul and character of his subject. In his realisms he gave us discourses on colour, modelling,



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE STUDY OF THE JAPONIST COLLECTOR.

THE HOUSE OF A JAPONIST COLLECTOR.

II.*

I AM still in my study. Over my head hangs a fan-face, decorated with a pheasant painted by the deft hand of Hokusai. In Mr. Whistler's famous "Ten O'Clock" address, to which I had the pleasure of listening, the last sentence of the peroration was, if my memory recalls it aright, "The Genius of Art, which fled weeping from the tomb of Velasquez, took refuge on the fan of Hokusai." It is to me a pleasing fancy that this may perchance be the designated fan. For it is a masterpiece of delicate, but expressive drawing, and one could not ask for a finer example of one phase of the art of this popular genius. I have it in the lacquer frame which I had made for it in Tokio, where I found it hanging as the only decoration on the wall of a great connoisseur, to whom it had been for many years a sort of household god, and whose courteous kindness, even more than the other induce-

ments which I offered, induced him to part with it to me, after occasional hints to which he was deaf throughout the two months that I visited him from time to time. Many similar efforts have been made, since it hung upon my wall, to tempt me to allow it to pass into the collections of American and French millionaires, enthusiasts in the worship of Hokusai, but I have been deaf to all seductions. It was the first fine Hokusai which I had been able to acquire, the direct product of his pencil; since then I have had the rare good fortune to acquire a whole series of landscape sketches from his pencil, and a whole library of his printed work, but these are hidden in portfolios, and this is not the place to speak of them.

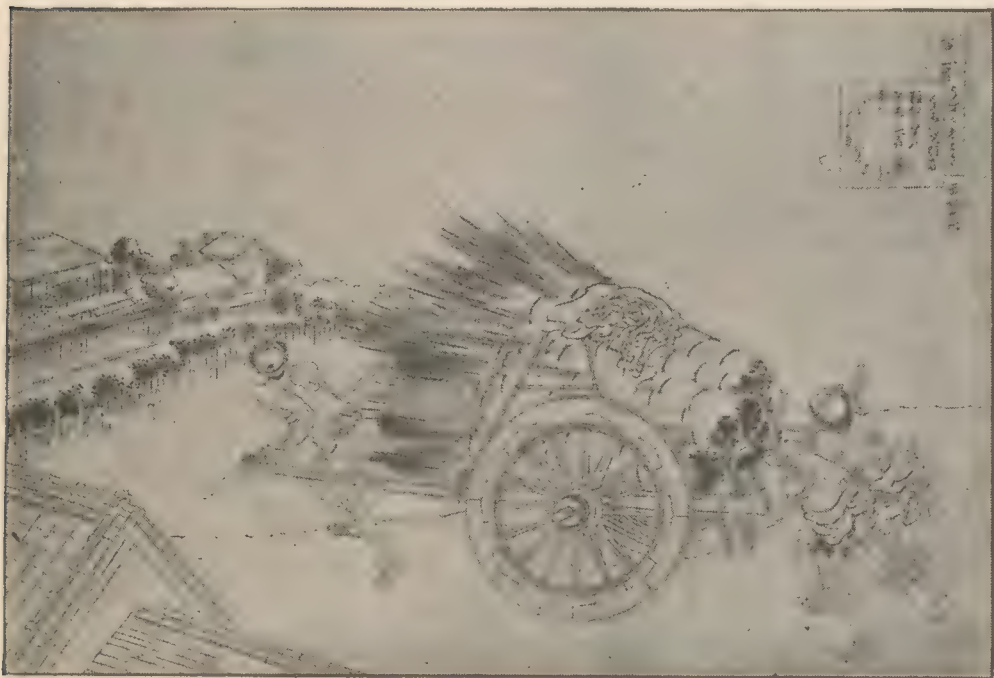
Only to give an outline of the products of this rare genius would fill this whole series of papers. Never was any man more versatile, more brimful of imagination, more copious in incomparable production. After the Japanese fashion he

* Continued from page 11.



THE MANZAI DANCER.

changed from time to time his artist name. Towards the end of his life he added the descriptive name Guakio (mad to draw), and in one of his most famous books, "The Hundred Views of the Mountain Fuji," he says of himself, "When six years old I was mad to draw object forms; at fifty I had published an infinitude of drawings, but I was discontented with all I had produced until I was seventy years old, then I understood nearly the form and the true nature of birds, plants, and animals, and when I am still older every point and every line will be full of life." Hokusai drew, for the engraver, on thin sheets of paper destined to be pasted on wood blocks, and subsequently destroyed by the graver's tool, as is the Japanese fashion of producing wood engravings. I have been so fortunate as to secure a series of original sketches (see one below) which escaped this fate and remained unpublished. On the book-shelves of my Japanese library repose the thirteen volumes of his Mangwa; the collection of ten thousand sketches, of which many editions have been published, and nearly all of his innumerable illustrations of the romances of Bakin and of national legends and historic events; his "Hundred Views of Fuji," in which he triumphs as a landscape artist, and his numerous sketch-books of models



AN ORIGINAL SKETCH OF HOKUSAI.

for artisans and artists. This astonishing fecundity, without any abasement of genius; this variety of style, this condescension to industrial ornamentation, the occasional rioting of imagination in scenes of caricature, in the feat of sketches drawn throughout with a single continuous line, this triumph of witty observation and of prestidigitation could only be accomplished without falling into humiliating banality by a genius of the first water; but all this Hokusai triumphantly accomplished.

On my right hand on a pedestal, and in a shrine devoted to itself, the benevolent Buddha serenely looks down in eternal and undisturbed calm. Parodying the words of Napoleon, I think of his phrase addressed to his army in Egypt, "Ten centuries look down upon you!" For this Buddha (illustrated opposite) comes from a temple at Nara, and has an authenticated pedigree of more than eight hundred years. He fulfils the canon of glyptic perfection laid down in the ancient books of India, whence this type was derived. He has the thirty-two signs of greatness, and the eighty secondary marks of beauty enumerated in "*Sacred book of the lotus of the holy faith.*" He has "the broad and smooth forehead, an eye like the petal of a blue water-lily, lips like the fruit of Vimba, hidden veins, shoulders perfectly rounded, body like the trunk of a fig-tree, perfectly rounded and polished limbs and flanks, full knee-pan, soft and delicate hands and feet, long fingers, well-developed heel, an arched in-step, ankles hidden from view; he has the strength and amiability of the ox, and the measured gait of the elephant. When the most perfect of Buddhas walks he plants his feet equally in contact at all points of the earth with the well-balanced step of the elephant; his gait is distinguished."

This Buddha came to me as the result of a pleasing episode which I delight to recall from time to time when refreshing myself with the contemplation of this much-prized image. Invited by a communication from the Prefecture of Kioto to appoint a day on which to receive our party at the famous temple of Kin Kan Kuji, the priest in charge had arranged a display of all the chief treasures of that famous temple, and of the palatial house attached to it, once occupied by the famous Hideyoshi Taikosama, the Napoleon of Japan and the conqueror of Korea. He had retired there on laying down the burdens of the Shogunate. After visiting the wonders of the temple and the famous tea-house, where he had established the ancient tea ceremony, laid down its laws and gathered around him the most famous artists and masters of that ceremony, and after wandering through its famous gardens and parks, and being instructed in the mysteries of its landscape views and quaintly distorted forest trees, we were ushered through a



HEAD OF THE JIZO (BUDDHA), FROM THE DAIYAGAWA RIVER.

18.130 (JGA)

succession of palace chambers and guest rooms. Here were hung for the occasion an unrivalled series of kakemonos by the great masters of old, and here, too, were the ancient lacs, the writing-boxes, the lacquered dinner services, and the ancient bronzes of Hideyoshi. We ended with the tea ceremony in the private apartments of the priest, a handsome suite of rooms lined with typical screens, and there stood conspicuously this Buddha. It had been brought thither, he told me, after the destruction by fire of a temple at Nara, from which it was saved. It was a work of Unkei, a great sculptor of the eleventh century, and when the head, which can be moved, was lifted off the whole body appeared to be filled with the small prayer papers of past generations, on which were inscribed the special supplications of the pious. It had been in his family and that of his predecessors for five generations, but he explained to me that this and an ancient writing-box, which he produced, bearing the arms of Taikōsama, were his private property, and not that of the Government, as were the other articles I had seen. A little bird subsequently whispered to me that various circumstances, which were explained, made the priest not unwilling now to part with these cherished objects if the inducements were adequate, to supply certain urgent needs. This was a subject which could not be discussed at the moment or with so lofty a personage. Negotiations were, however, opened through an intermediary, and opportunities were afforded of verifying the statements made, and a great expert was telegraphed for by me, to whom all the certificates and the objects were submitted, with a fully satisfactory result. The price named was, however, of a character to terminate the negotiation, and after much tedious interchange of views and expressions of mutual courtesy and regret to an official of the second rank who conducted the affair, a final price was named by me, which was politely declined. About a week after, however, my little interpreter entered the room in the early morning, and with many bowings, and with an expression of solemn delight, beckoned in two attendants with an ancient wooden case. Turning to me he announced, "Buddha is come." "What?" I asked. "Buddha is come!" To the laughing demand for further explanation of this singular statement, he mutely replied by removing the cover from the case and pointing to the serene and ancient statue which lay there, all unconscious of his transfer to a new and modern possessor. By the same transaction I became the possessor of the writing-case of Hideyoshi, which occupies now a shelf in the same apartment.

I am a devout worshipper of these now somewhat neglected Buddhas, and many a little household Buddha, in lacquered and painted cases, smile upon me with an affable tenderness

and solemnity in my work-room. Perhaps the most interesting, because the most historical, is the stone head of one of the hundred Jizos of Nikko. These hundred statues lined the bank of the river Daiyagawa there. They are described in all the guide books, and I need not reiterate the well-known tale. Jizo is the protecting Buddha of wayfarers and of children against all wrongdoers and highwaymen. Of these hundred Jizos, which were set there in the fifteenth century, it is related, among other wonders, that they can never be counted twice alike in number.

It may be mentioned that a hundred is a very elastic term in Japanese use, and may mean anything from fifty up to two or three hundred. These stone images are ranged in a long line against the hill-side and by the river-bank. It is said, as I have mentioned, they cannot be counted.* Certainly I have never counted them, but there is now one less, I am sorry to say, than when I went there, for the head of one of the Jizos is in my study, and is illustrated opposite.

It happened in this wise. I had become a member of the Hoko-Kwai, and had made my offering of ten dollars for the custody of its antiquities, which produced this anomalous result. Walking along the riverside to the celebrated boiling pool of Kaman Gafuchi, and passing this long array of Jizos, I remarked to a local custodian that inadequate care was taken of these innumerable deities, and pointed to one of which the head had fallen to the ground. He was an irreverent person, who smiled gently at my remonstrance, and shook his head depreciatingly. A little colloquy ensued in the native tongue between him and my guide, who seems to have explained to him my special interest in such relics of the olden time. We pursued our way to the hut erected at the deep pool close to the boiling eddies, and in face of a rock isolated and surrounded by them, and on the face of which is cut the Sanscrit word "hammam." This rock appears

inaccessible, and the story runs that the miracle-working priest, Kobodaishi, had accomplished the feat by throwing his pen at the rock, or, as some say, by making motions with his pen in the air opposite to the rock. Kobodaishi is one of the most famous of all the Buddhist saints of Japan. He is reputed to have come into the world with his hands folded as if in prayer. He is believed to have been the author of the language now most used in Japan, and to have invented the Hiragana Syllabary. The name Kobodaishi, great teacher, spreading the law, was a sacred title conferred on him, one hundred years after his death, by the Emperor Daigo. It is held, however, that his apparent death was merely a conces-



BUDDHA FROM THE KIN KAN KUJI TEMPLE.

* "Murray's Handbook of Japan," by Chamberlain and Mason, x., 1891, page 160.

sion to human formulæ, and that he still awaits in his tomb the coming of Miroku, the Buddhist Messiah. Many are his miracles performed in every part of Japan, and many are his shrines; they were particularly numerous about Nikko. Ascending the hill-side we came to a deserted shrine, from which the priest had fled and worshippers were none, but only an aged dame who remained as a sort of belated relic of the past and self-constituted caretaker to collect the few *sen* which the rare wayfarers might bestow. She, too, was about to leave. The little hut in which Kobodaishi found imperfect covering, which was no shelter from the weather, would then be quite without protection, and at the mercy of every mischievous urchin or robber. He was her only possession, and had become quite unprofitable; she was too old now to live alone, and was about to descend to the neighbouring village and trust to the alms of the charitable. I offered to relieve her of her profitless charge, this most venerable saint, for a sum of one hundred dollars, small enough, in all conscience, as an exchange for this noble image, but sufficient to keep her probably in comfort for the rest of her days. She most joyfully assented, and therefore this deity of the literature of the ninth century, and inventor of the Hiragana of old Japan, (here illustrated) now benignantly inspires my nineteenth-century scribbling. Regardless of its associations, it is, I think, a fine specimen of the portrait statuary of old Japan.

And now we return to the stone head of Jizo, from which I have episodically diverged. Our guardian aforesaid, who had accompanied us up the mountain, appeared to be much impressed by my acquisition of Kobodaishi. When I took leave of him, with the usual gratuity, I expected to hear no more of him, and from Nikko we returned to Yokohama, whence we took ship home. There, on examining in London a great accumulation of boxes and cases, a part of our artistic treasures gathered in Japan, I found among them a stout box heavily inscribed, but which was new to me. On opening it there lay within a long inscribed paper, which read thus:—"From your most humble servant, ———, who, with life-long gratitude, waits upon you with grateful thanks for your munificence and your interest in the sacred objects. May this sacred Jizo be your patron in all trouble and listen to your prayers." And so it happens that this stone image has found



KOBODAISHI. A JAPANESE SAINT OF THE NINTH CENTURY, AND INVENTOR OF THE HIRAGANA ALPHABET.

a resting place, unexpected and undesired by me, in my little sanctum, and now resides in London.

Among many other examples of the glyptic Art of Japan, as yet so little appreciated, but destined, I believe, to hold a high place in the esteem of artists and of archæologists, are many more intimate and domestic objects. One of them, a Manzai, in ancient pottery, lacquered in gold and harmoniously coloured, perpetually offers me the joyous greetings and good wishes which it is his function to bring, especially at the New Year. It is a figure of the Genroku period, presented to me by a wealthy merchant, whose amiable wish it was to offer one of his household treasures, which had for many years decorated his living-room. These Genroku figures, belonging to the Tokugawa period, are relatively scarce, and are much used as hereditary okimonos. This one is specially interesting from its material. I have another companion figure, of great animation and gaiety, carved in wood, which it is unnecessary to illustrate. Near these figures are the pair of rabbits here pictured, which have the interest of bearing the signature of Hidari Jinguro, who flourished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; the great temple carver who learnt to sculpture animals from the designs of Tanu, and whose sleeping cat in the ramma, or ventilating panel in the mortuary chapel of Ieyasu, at Nikko, is one of the standing wonders of the country. Before his time the carvers of these rammats had been rather carpenters than artists, and from that date they took a new status. He was surnamed Hidari as being left-handed. Like most of the early artists of Japan, many fables have gathered around his name. He was another Pygmalion, and brought to life a Galatea of the far East; his right arm was sacrificed in the interests of his vivified idol, and so forth. The rabbits are singularly archaic and simple, and yet like his cat of great power and vivacity of expression, although of almost monumental simplicity.

ERNEST HART.



RABBITS OF HIDARI JINGURO.

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